

# MOTHER on the brain.

Air : The Bonnie Blue Flag. By John C. Cross.

As you look on the songs that you see now-a-days,  
The gentle words of Mother will sure meet your gaze :  
" Who will care for Mother now ? " if I'm numbered  
with the same ;  
" Oh ! bless me, Mother, ere I die " with Mother  
on the brain.

" Courage, Mother, I am going ; " " Mother, I've  
come home to eat ; "  
" Just before the battle, Mother, " I was lying in  
the street ;  
" I cannot call ber Mother : " " The ring my Mother  
wore " was plain ;  
" Dear Mother, I've come home to die, " with  
Mother on the brain.

" What is home without a Mother ? " " It was my  
Mother's voice ; "  
" Sing me to sleep, my Mother ; " I feel I'm growing  
worse ;  
" Be quiet, do, I'll call my Mother : " Mother's  
coming in the rain ;  
" Let me kiss him for his Mother : " with Mother  
on the brain.

" It was my Mother's customs, " " My gentle  
Mother dear ; "  
" I was my Mother's darling ; " for, I loved my  
lager beer.  
" Kiss me good-night, Mother, " and bring me a  
Bourbon plain—  
" Mother dear, I feel I'm dying, " with Mother  
on the brain.